



But they're only legends



👁 44 ✓ 3 ⭐ 6

Chapter 1 by Mandi Winebrenner

Every time I hear a story about the things that go bump in the night, I expect to hear a cliché ... Oh it was a dark and stormy night. To be frank, it wasn't. It was a pleasant evening, just after sunset in early September. The leaves were still full and green and the air was full of the scent of funnel cakes from the carnival in the park. All in all, just another quick walk home through the woods.

The path I was wandering down while absently nibbling the cotton candy I'd picked up at the carnival with my friends was one I'd taken probably a thousand times since I'd moved to town. It was the quickest route between point a and b, and when you're 17 time is of the essence. That was the last Saturday before I had to start my senior year of school and I was lamenting the end of the summer. Perhaps that's why I didn't notice the heap laying across the path.

Chapter 2 by Mandi Winebrenner



In the space of a few moments my mind went from pondering such existential values as whether the boots I bought on clearance in May would still be in style this season, to wondering what the fluid soaking into my new jeans was. My foot hit an obstruction in the path, and the sugary treat in my hand flew forwards from my grasp at an almost comical arc. I threw my hands up to halt my forward progress and took the majority of the shock of landing to my wrists, prompting a swear word or two and the sort of grumble/whine only producible in your late teens. I lay in the hard packed dirt for a moment, struggling to catch the breath that had been jolted from my lungs.

Once I had caught my breath, I became aware of a cool viscous fluid soaking slowly into my

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wildlife documentaries to know few predators will leave the sight of a kill until they've eaten their fill, and the obstacle had felt rather meaty indeed. I lowered my eyes to the ground and it felt as if someone had tightened their hand around my throat. I'm not a coroner, but those remains look suspiciously human.

Chapter 3 by Clayton Taylor



This would have been the second time I had meet this man in my fresh life. I suddenly remembered our first incident. This was a few months before, on the sidewalk of heavily used city street. He was the average image of "homeless man" one gets when they think of them; dull clothes, big beard, dirty face, guitar case for spare change, except for one thing. This man had the bluest of blue eyes. When you looked into them, it was as if you were looking into the waters of the ocean, and the sun shone off of them the same way. There was something almost mystical of these eyes, like you could tell them anything and they would accept it as the innocent truth. As I passed by him, I heard him muttering half way constructed sentences, like "Is... yes... for now.." as if he were filling in the holes in his head. I heard my name spoken, so I turned around to reply to the man, but he was still staring off into a deep space.

He seemed to hide in his own mind after he found his space on the wall and set up his donation center. This was a small encounter that left my mind soon after, but I didn't see him again until this moment. I didn't consider it at the moment, due to my terror of finding a dead body, but I had to consider to myself How did he end up so far from the city street I first met him by? Who was he, and why was he dead?

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